

Fantasy

I wander through a world no one else can see
In this place I watch tiny fairies glittering in iridescent blues, pinks, and greens
Found only upon the Lady Iris' own ethereal pallet
They dart and spin, pirouette and float; held aloft in the jewel bright sky by rainbow hued
gossamer wings

Whiteness interrupts. Soft white cloth binds my immobile wrists to the sterile silver bed I
rest on. The walls, a blank canvas interrupted only by a closed door topped by a small
window. Men as white as the walls wander in and out. They force pills into my mouth that
keep me from seeing the beauty again.

Tiny dragons, long as my hand glide through cotton fluff clouds as they travel
Along invisible currents of air
Their diminutive scales sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and amethysts
Miniscule white, blue, and yellow blazes burst from their razor edged maws
As they chase the glittery fairies about

Frigid metal jolts me from my world. The gleaming needle slides into my skin like a knife
through butter, bright red blood bubbling up around it. The man in white smiles at me, but
all I see is a sinister smirk. They wheel me, still tied to my bed, through a tired corridor and
into a large room. The room is filled with metal. A piece of white plastic is gently placed into
my mouth as the room begins to dim.

A lithe maid with flaxen hair and pointed ears sings with a crystal voice
The maid's silken rainstorm gown flowing about her in the lilac breeze
Flowers shift and twist in time with her ballad to the high cold Moon in her darkened palace
and to her brother the Sun in his gold armored war chariot

As the sleepy, twinkling blue river keeps her time

I awaken to darkness. It is a stark world. No rainbow hued fairies greet me, the maid with flaxen hair is long gone, the dragons do not grace the air around me. I am no longer tied down. I explore my room, my grey clothes rustling as I move. I do not like what I see.